

H Y M N,

Fit to be sung on Days of *Humiliation* and *Prayer*.

1.
WHEN *Abrah'm*, full of sacred Awe,
Before JEHOVAH stood,
And with an humble fervent Pray'r
For guilty *Sodom* su'd;

2.
With what Success, what wondrous Grace,
Were his Petitions crown'd!
The LORD would spare, if in the Place
Ten righteous Men were found.

3.
And could a single holy Soul
So rich a Boon obtain,
Good GOD! and shall a Nation cry
And plead with Thee in vain!

4.
Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her num'rous Saints may boast:
See their united Pray'rs ascend,
And can these Pray'rs be lost!

5.
Are not the Righteous dear to Thee
Now, as in antient Times?
Or doth this sinful Land exceed
Gomorrhah in her Crimes?

6.
Still we are Thine, we bear Thy Name,
Here yet is Thine Abode:
Long hath Thy Presence bless'd our Land;
Forfake us not, O GOD!

7.
Dread LORD! let not Thine Anger burn,
If we Thy Suppliants bow,
And say, Till Thou vouchsafe Thy Grace,
We will not let Thee go.

8.
O may the People, Prince and Priest
Thy choicest Blessings share!
And know Thee by that glorious Name,
The GOD that *heareth Pray'r*!

II V M N

It is not a good thing to be a

W
The world is a very different place
from what it was when I was a child.

It is not a good thing to be a
The world is a very different place
from what it was when I was a child.

And I am a very different person
from what I was when I was a child.
I am not a child any more.

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